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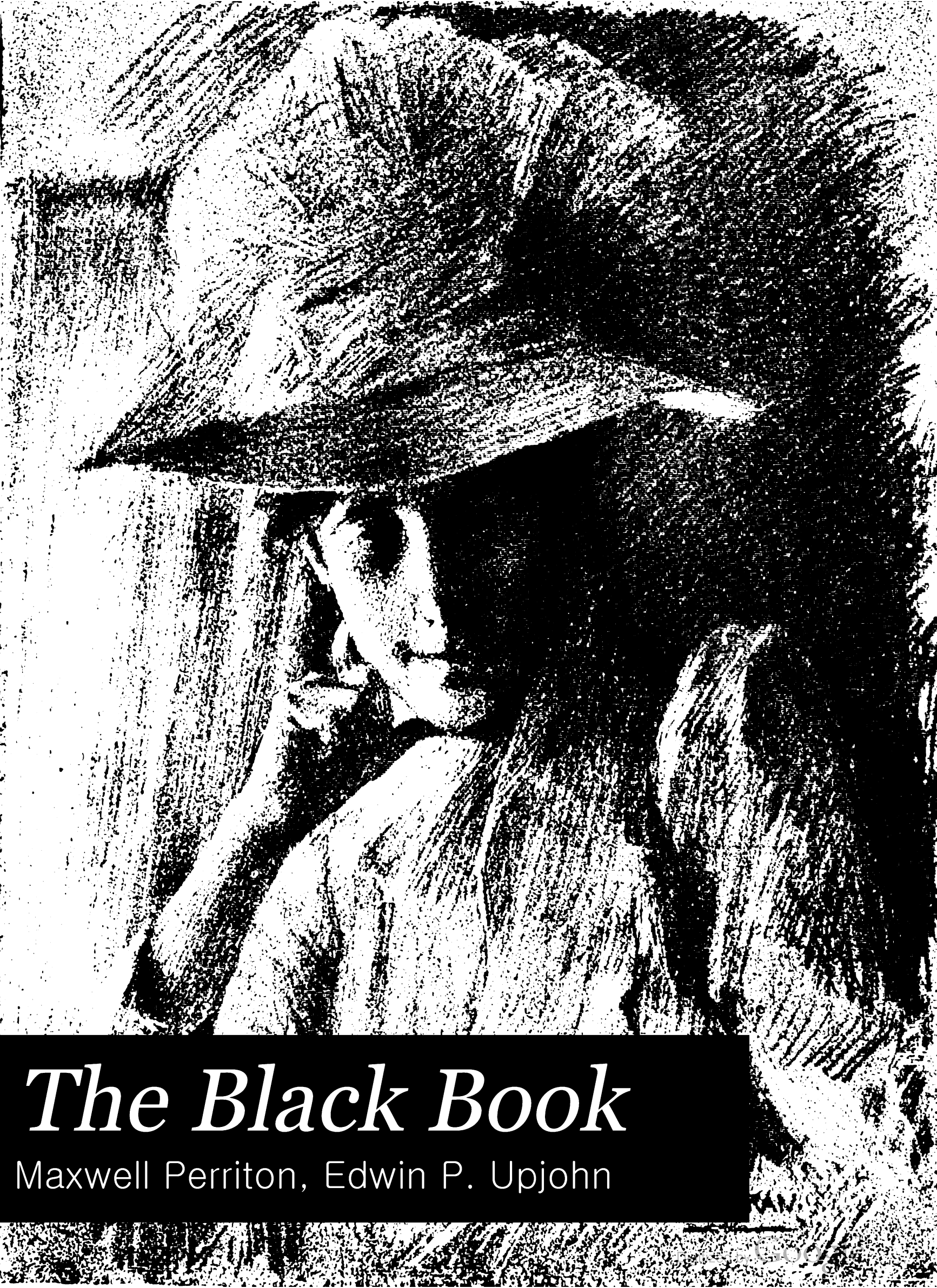
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The Black Book

Maxwell Perriton, Edwin P. Upjohn

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FROM

Dr. J. R. Chadwick

Six Original Drawings
By Charles Dickens

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Apr. 2 1900

An Illustrated
Magazine
of Art
Affairs

PERRITON
MAXWELL
&
EDWIN P.
UPJOHN
Editors



Illustrations
In This Number
By
F. Hopkinson Smith
Wm. M. Chase
Aubrey Beardsley
W. Granville Smith
Jules Cheret
V. Gribayedoff
Bruce Crane
T. de Thulstrup
C. C. Curran
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C. Underwood



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The Black Book

Order of Contents.

- Day Dreams, (Frontispiece) - Chas. C. Curran
Chas. Dickens as an Artist - Clarence Roswell
(With six Original Unpublished
Drawings by the Great Novelist.)
The Art Students' League - E. P. Upjohn
(Illustrated by the Prize Students)
The Early Struggles of Corot - Henri Roch
(Illustrated)
Bennett and the Herald - - - A Herald Magazine
(Illustrated by V. Gribayedoff)
A Dialogue in Black - - - Merriam Black
(Illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley)
Ye Newe Art - - - La Touche Hancock
(With Page Decorations)
The Widow - - - Wm. M. Chase
(A Pen and Ink Sketch)
Artist and Man of Affairs - Perriton Maxwell
(Illustrated by F. Hopkinson Smith)
The Prose of the Studio - - - Cromwell Chase
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Ideal Studios, No. 1. The Chase Atelier
(A Drawing by William M. Chase)
Cheret and His Posters - - - Kate Carter
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The Gotham Girl - - - Alexander Black
(Illustrated by W. Granville Smith & Clarence Underwood)
The Evening Sky - - - Bruce Crane
(A Pen and Ink Sketch)
The Cowl of Resignation - - Edgar Allan Poe
(Illustrated by J. J. Weertz)
The Bicycle as an Aid to Art
(Illustrated)
Artistic Advertising

Cover
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The Black Book.

An Illustrated Quarterly
Magazine of Art and Affairs



Perriton Maxwell } Editors
Edwin P. Upjohn }

New York, 1895.

A COMPOSITE LANDSCAPE

By Six Famous Landscape Painters

This will be the second of a unique series of composite pictures published in **THE BLACK BOOK** presenting an entirely new idea in art production. Everybody will be interested in this picture.

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Other striking features of the next number of **THE BLACK BOOK** will be full page pictures by **WILLIAM M. CHASE**, **GEO. WHARTON EDWARDS**, **CARROLL BECKWITH**, **IRVING R. WILES**, **J. G. BROWN**, and other artists equally prominent. A number of original drawings by famous men in other professions than art—politicians, lawyers, ministers and physicians of note—will present a striking new idea in illustration. While it is not claimed that these sketches will be of great value as pure art productions they cannot fail to interest by reason of their novelty.

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Articles richly illustrated by well-known artists, and of general interest will enhance the popular value of the magazine.

THE BLACK BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY,

111 Broadway, New York.

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Are among those who will be invited to contribute to **THE BLACK BOOK** during the coming year. The foremost Authors, Artists, Statesmen, Musicians, Clergymen and Men of Affairs will make the pages of **THE BLACK BOOK** sparkle with their wit and wisdom.



A
CRAYON
DRAWING
BY
C. C. CURRAN

DAY
DREAMS

Day dreams from some good fairy sent,
So lovely, so beneficent,
So pure, so bright as Phœbus' ray,
So quickly do they die away!

THE BLACK BOOK.

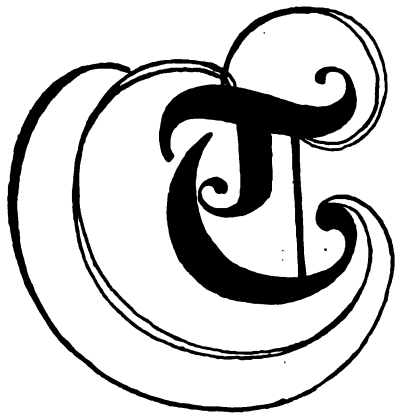
An Illustrated Quarterly Magazine
Of Art and Affairs.

VOLUME ONE—OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.—NUMBER ONE

Charles Dickens As An Artist.

Drawn by
Chas. Dickens

Mrs.
Micawber



THE story (heard from my fathers' own lips, for at least twenty times) of a memorable visit made by him to the home of Charles Dickens, shortly after the great master of English fiction had returned to his publishers the corrected proofs of "David Copperfield," requires but little mental effort on my part to re-narrate. The incidents of the event alluded to, have always made me feel a certain comradeship for the Dickens of my father's description—the Dickens of the fireside jovial almost to boyishness, with now and then a strain

By
Clarence
Roswell.

of sadness in speech and manner which disclosed the strangely contrasting sides of his strenuous personality. After the lapse of nearly half a century, the picture of that long, happy evening passed by my father in the companionship of the world's greatest tale-teller, seemed to stand out amid the multitudinous experiences of my parent, like a star of the first magnitude among luminaries of lesser effulgence.

It was on the evening of November 22d, 1849, that my father (now six months dead) wended his way from his humble lodgings in Moulton Street to Gad's Hill at that time the home of Dickens. The hour was unusually early for making an evening call when my father found himself before the house



Mr.
Peggoty

Drawn by
Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens
In 1852



G. R. Charlton

Uriah
Heep



Drawn by
Charles Dickens.

Little
David



Chas. Dickens
As An Artist

of the novelist, but his youthful enthusiasm (my father, fairly worshiped Dickens,) had gotten the upper hand of his sense of social propriety. He had looked forward to this meeting between himself and England's foremost literary hero with the customary trepidation of the devotee who goes to pay homage at the shrine of his favorite deity. To make matters less promising my father's visit had not been requested by Dickens—indeed the latter had scarcely a knowledge of his existence. My father, however, was emboldened in his purpose by the fact that he was going to Dickens's home armed with a letter of introduction from the novelist's warmest friend, John Forster.

Drawn by
Charles
Dickens

Arriving at Gad's Hill my father was ushered into the large but sparsely furnished drawing room of the Dickens' household. The apartment was littered about with papers and books. To the extreme joy of the young literary pilgrim he was informed that Dickens was at home and was at that moment dining with the members of his family. During the brief time my father was kept waiting, an excellent opportunity was afforded him for observing the details of the barren drawing room. It was while taking a mental inventory of the objects around him, that my father's ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps in the hallway. In another minute Dickens had entered the room and after a cordial greeting the great writer glanced over Forster's note of introduction and remarking that he was more than pleased to meet a young man who had travelled over 3,000 miles to talk with him, Dickens invited my father into what the novelist was pleased to call his "den." It was not a very large room but it presented an air of privacy and coziness that somewhat prepared my father for the royal evening before him. Scarcely before my father realized his good fortune Dickens was deep in an explanation of the characters of that inimitable and immortal work of art "David Copperfield."

Mr.
Dick



Drawn by
Charles
Dickens.

As the evening wore away the creator of the renowned "Pickwick" told of his wretched boyhood, his early literary aspirations, his disappointments in disposing of his youthful productions and his present difficulties in drawing a lucid picture with words, of

Mr. Micawber
Drawn by
Charles Dickens



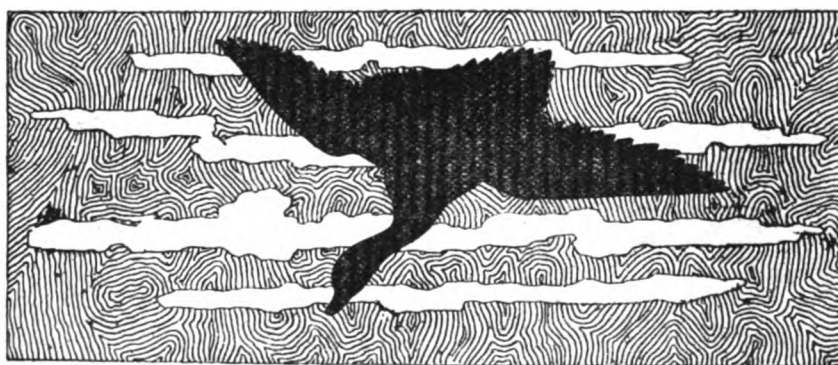


the characters that lay in his brain. It was with special tenderness that he reverted to "David Copperfield" which, published in parts was already popular. He said that but few departures had been made from the original writing. He spoke of the real regret he had felt in putting from him the book that is today his acknowledged masterpiece. It was wholly a labor of love, this book, and more than a few facts out of his own personal experience were woven into the life of little David. Dickens in words of considerable warmth avowed that "Copperfield" was the child of his deepest affection; the one book into the making of which he had put his own life's blood.

As his interest in the conversation deepened, Dickens lifted from his desk the quill pen with which he had written the greatest of his works and roughly sketched the figures of "David," "Micawber," "Mrs. Micawber," "Uriah Heep" and the other strong characters we all have learned to love or hate as if they were living personages. "It was curious," my father was wont to remark, "to watch the man talking and sketching, wholly absorbed in the people of his own making, and limning their forms and features with a few crude, but at the same time, lucid lines." Plainly, Dickens for a time was unconscious of his audience and was "fighting his battles o'er again."

It was close upon midnight when my father took his departure from Gad's Hill, flushed with the excitement of his remarkable seance with the great writer, and bearing with him as souvenirs of the occasion six of the hasty drawings made by the ready hand of Charles Dickens. These same sketches are now given to the world for the first time in these pages and while no one will claim for them an intrinsic art value they none the less must needs be interesting to everyone who has shed quiet tears over the death of little Nell, laughed at the strong, rich humor of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, and sympathized with the woes of Mrs. Gummidge.

Charles Dickens
As An Artist



The Art Students' League of New York.



H.
Siddons
Mowbray



ASSUMING that the reader is not conversant with the history of the Art Students' League of New York, the salient facts of its inception and progress are here briefly outlined. This foremost of American art schools came into existence quite unexpectedly; indeed its birth was in the nature of an accident. It was in the Spring of 1875 when for lack of sufficient means to maintain it the school of the National Academy of Design was closed, and a considerable num-

By
Edwin
Parry
Upjohn



Illustrated by
Prize Students
of the
League

ber of students were left stranded on the barren shores of an uncompleted art' education. At this critical point in its history the prospect of a reopening of the Academy school was unpromising to say the least. The dilemma of the students was awkward in the extreme. Their Moses in the person of Mr. Wilmarth then appeared to deliver them from the bondage of inactivity.

At a meeting held by the students in Mr. Wilmarth's studio on June 2, 1875, it was decided to form an independent association and that its name should be the Art Students' League. A circular was accordingly draughted out in which it was stated that the pupils of the Academy with the co-operation of Mr. Wilmarth would under the new regime, strive for "the attainment on the part of its members of a higher development in art culture, the encouragement of a spirit of unselfishness and true friendship, mutual help in study, and sympathy and practical assistance (if need be) in time of sickness and trouble." Here was a high standard raised and a laudable purpose mapped out for achievement. The infant League then fixed upon quarters in a building at the corner of Fifth Avenue, and Sixteenth Street, and Mr. Wilmarth with characteristic generosity volunteered to teach the classes without compensation. On October 1, 1875, work was begun in a morning and evening class for men, and an afternoon class for women. A little more than a fortnight later the first general meeting was held, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted. Mr. Wilmarth was unanimously elected president. The government of the school was in the hands of a board composed of members to be elected annually. Artists and art students only were eligible to membership in the



Kenyon
Cox



William
Merritt
Chase



Irving R.
Wiles



League and candidates for admission were required to submit a drawing from the antique or from life. The nominal sum of five dollars was paid every month for tuition by each student.

The
Art Students'
League

The first year of the new League was marked by exceptional success. The classes were self supporting and from the surplus fund the instructors received a small fee for their services. The future looked rosy. At the outset of the second year the affairs of the new association appeared less promising. Money was scarce, enthusiasm in art study was dead or drowsing and the League had not yet made itself a factor in the life of the community.

Failure stared the enterprise in the face and a panic among the students seemed inevitable. Again it befell Mr. Wilmarth to prove his power as a leader and aided by a few brave spirits the school took on a new vigor and went forward with its work. Toward the end of the same season the old Academy school threw open its doors and Mr. Wilmarth was called to take charge of its revived classes. The League was without a head and chaos reigned among its members most of whom had decided to return to the Academy with their old instructor. The question whether or not to disband the League was put to vote and the majority ruled that even under financial stress the new institution should be maintained because of its unusual facilities for art study.

With its third year of life Mr. Waller was made president and Mr. Shirlaw the chief instructor. Confidence was again restored but the crucial test had come. In addition to the opposition offered by the Academy, with its free classes, the League was forced to maintain expensive quarters and pay well and promptly for the instruction of its members. Dame Fortune smiled on the irrepressible association that year and the period of experimentation was safely passed.

With its fourth year Mr. Chase and Mr. Beckwith were added to the League's staff of instructors. With 147 students enrolled at this time the new school boasted at the end of the year of the comfortable sum of \$1.800 in its treasury. Success arrived with the fifth year and under the management of Messrs. St. John Harper, Hartley, Turner, Lamb, Bradley and French, the successive years were full of progress and artistic triumphs.

"Thomas"
Drawn by
J. Allen
St. John



John H.
Twachtman





J. Carroll
Beckwith

The
Art Students'
League

As for the instructors of the present, whose province it is to bring to full fruition the latent talents of the League students, they are men of national reputation. William M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Carroll Beckwith, J. H. Twachtman, Irving R. Wiles, and H. Siddons Mowbray, are names as familiar to art lovers as they are to the members of the League who come face to face with these men many times a week. Other instructors at the League are George R. Barse Jr., George De Forest Brush, Clifford Carleton, Mary T. Lawrence, Robert Reid, Douglas Volk and J. Alden Weir—an artistic galaxy of competent art tutors. The preparatory antique classes are under the supervision of Messrs. Twachtman and Volk; the regular antique classes are in charge of Messrs. Beckwith and Volk; the life classes are in the care of Messrs. Mowbray, Cox, Barse, and De Forest Brush; the modelling classes are looked after by Mr. St. Gaudens and his brilliant pupil Miss Mary T. Lawrence; and the painting classes are directed by Messrs. Chase, Weir and Reid. The sketch classes, naturally the most popular of the whole curriculum are conducted by Messrs. Wiles and Carleton—two of the cleverest of our American illustrators. Mr. Henry Prellwitz is the able director of the League. Mr. D. R. Whitehead is the curator, and Thomas—no one ever calls him anything else—Thomas—well let me tell you something about this unique character.

Thomas is the personification of good nature. He is the willing valet of each and every student of the league. His duties—mostly self-imposed—range from the care of the students' working utensils to the quelling of small riots in the class-rooms and the patching up of wounded feelings when one of the instructors has thought it necessary to offer criticism of unusual harshness. Thomas is to the Art Students' League what "Dick" Croker is to Tammany Hall, what Theodore Roosevelt is to the Police Board of New York or the yolk to the egg. He is the engineer within whose sturdy grasp rests

Drawn by
C. S. Dusenberry



In
Bronx
Park



Augustus
St. Gaudens



Drawn by
Walter M. Clute

A Favorite
Model

the lever that moves the complicated machinery of the League. His part is a silent but responsible one, and he plays it with consummate finesse and a rare understanding of its requirements. In short Thomas is— Thomas.

The Art
Students'
League

In its palatial home on West Fifty-Seventh St., the League pays in rent some \$6.000 and yet it cannot accommodate all the students who knock at its doors for instruction. To meet the excessive demands made upon it in the matter of space the League has hired rooms in the vicinity of its home in the Fine Arts Building for the accomodation of the overflow scholars. The annual income of the League seldom falls below the \$50.000 mark. The peculiar system of fees in vogue at the League enables an earnest student to reduce the annual cost of his tuition to a nominal sum.

The management of the institution is under a board of control consisting of twelve members. The board of control this year is composed of George W. Breck, President; Dudley S. Carpenter and Wilhelmina Walker, Vice-Presidents; Florine W. Stettheimer, Corresponding Secretary; Reinhardt Weller, Recording Secretary; Thomas Watson Ball, Treasurer; and Alice L. R. Ball, George R. Chamberlain, Margaret Fernie, Amy Rose, Mabel R. Welch, and Frederick C. Yohn. The League has been for twenty years, and still is, an entirely self-supporting and co-operative institution.

Thus briefly is told the history and present status of the foremost art school of the country. No better preparation for the always to be desired period of study in Paris, is open to American art students than a course at the Art Students' League. It is an institutiton with a fine future and an interesting past. It is in the hands of capable managers and its followers are enthusiasts of the kind whose ardor does not cool under the daily grind of study.

The
Tramp's
Nemesis

Drawn by
R. M. Reay



The Early Struggles of Corot.

A
Drawing By
Percy Moran



VISITED the exposition of the works of Corot the other day and it made me feel at least forty years younger. I knew the great artist in my early youth, when I lived at No. 10, Rue des Beaux-Arts, in a little room on the floor where his studio was situated.

By
Henri
Rochefort

At that time, already so far off, and growing more distant every day, the marvelous landscapes of Corot were not quoted in the picture market. With my excellent and too modest school friend, Dr. Tripier, one of the originators of treatment by electricity, who also lodged in the house, I often went to pay a visit to the painter, who received us in his frock, a cotton cap on his head, amid his studies littering the floor. And as we picked them up for a closer look, he almost always said to us, but without the slightest bitterness :

“Carry away what you like. They do not sell”

And indeed very few men in possession of glory have spent more time in reaching it. It is difficult to form an idea of how it was necessary to fight, even with the professionals in art, to get Corot accepted. A painter who is now famous, Roll, the author of the “Joys of Life,” the great success of the Champ-de-Mars Salon, reminded me that at the beginning of his career, when he was still feeling his way, he had been in the last degree surprised to read in a journal this sentence over my signature :

“Nothing is more beautiful than a beautiful Corot.”

Not until several years later, he confessed to me, did he share my admiration for the great landscape-artist who, to his last day, beneath his heavy rustic wrapping, remained a veritable flower of poesy.

I was so certain of the justice that would be done him later that I advised all the amateurs who talked to me of paintings to buy Corots. One day Albert Wolff, who was a great gambler, accosting me on the boulevard, said :

“Last night I won three thousand francs at the club ; but, as I am sure to lose them again to-night, I prefer to spend them to-day. I want to buy two or three good pictures. Do you know of any ?”

I answered that I had just the thing for him, and I took him to a sort of broker whose stall— for it was not even a shop—was situated





at the end of the Rue Laffitte, at the right. This huckster was in the habit of trading any trifle with Corot for one, two or three of his studies, which he took unframed and sold in the same condition.

"Before long," I insisted to Wolff, "These canvases will cover themselves with gold. Invest your three thousand francs in them, and you will bring me good news of them."

He followed my advice and bought a dozen, which were the foundation of his gallery, and two or three of which I saw once more the other day, when visiting the exposition at the Palais Galliera.

Corot left No. 10, Rue des Beaux-Arts, where he was replaced by the painter Francais, his friend. I too had changed my neighborhood and my manner of life when, fifteen years later, in consequence of an article which I had published in *Le Figaro* I believe lauding to the skies a masterpiece of my old neighbor,—"*A Morning at Ville d'Avray*," exhibited at the Salon of 1865, or 1866,—I received a visit from the good Corot, who had mounted my four flights to thank me, for there was still much question as to his genius. We recognized each other, and he said to me with moving candor:

"Oh! it is no longer as it used to be; they are beginning to buy me now. Would you believe that I have just sold my '*Morning at Ville d'Avray*' for four thousand francs!"

I do not know what has become of that marvel. But whoever now should pay one hundred and fifty thousand francs for it would have a magnificent bargain.

I confess that it was with a satisfaction not unmingled with some retrospective vanity that I listened the other day to the admiring exclamations of the crowd that stood before the works of a man whom I had defended and extolled at a time when his most highly quoted studies were heaped up in back shops, or even on sidewalks, to the despair of picture-venders who complained that their stock would not move. Ah, well, life is full of vicissitudes.

The
Early
Struggles of
Corot



Bennett and The "Herald."



Illustrated by
V. Gribayedoff

UNDER the Atlantic Ocean, cables pulsing with electricity flash at either end, day and night with messages signed "Bennett" and addressed to "Bennett" in New York, Paris or London.

There is but one Bennett. He may be at the elegant office of the New York Herald in either one of the three great cities just named: he may be at his favorite home in Nice or at his long neglected summer home in Newport; he may be cruising in

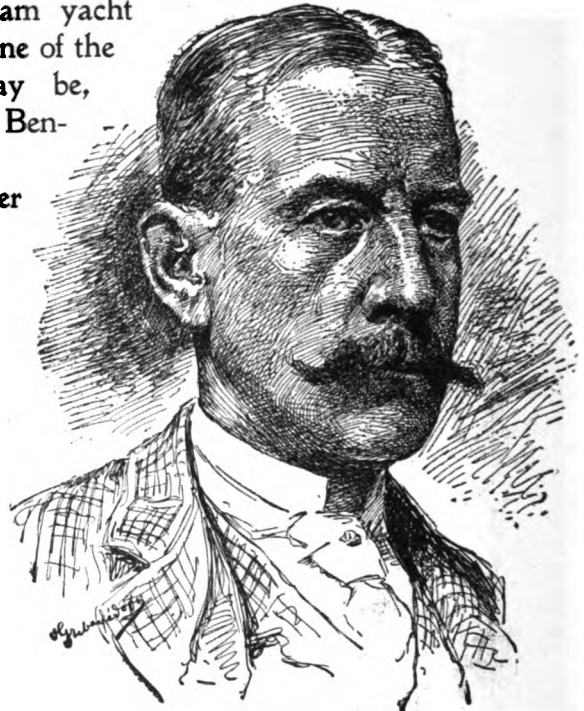
the Mediterranean on his magnificent steam yacht "Namouna," or crossing the Atlantic on one of the ocean greyhounds; but wherever he may be, "Bennett" is talking over the cable to "Bennett" in New York, London and Paris.

His paper is international in its character and influence, though characteristically American. He himself, cosmopolitan in his sympathies, is a commingling of Scotch and Irish by blood, an American by birth, a Frenchman in his tastes; a plebeian in his origin and an aristocrat in his disposition.

In the great enterprise which he inherited from his shrewd and far-seeing father, his potentiality as a controller is constant; the force of his strongly dominant will is always apparent. His unrelaxing grasp of the affairs of his paper is felt by all in his employ, and the more timorous among them regard him as possessing powers almost approaching omniscience

and omnipotence. In his own realm he is an autocrat whose power at times is exercised arbitrarily and unreasonably.

He is capable of large generosity, but is capricious in the conferring of favors and the dealing out of rewards. Vindictiveness is one of his strongest characteristics and

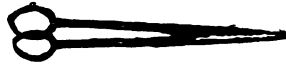


JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
Drawn by V. Gribayedoff.



Bennett's
Crest

By a
"Herald"
Man



long continued esteem is obliterated, past services are forgotten, when friend or employe steps beyond certain bounds which Bennett has established. The man who offends Bennett, no matter how large that man may be in the public eye, becomes nameless so far as the New York Herald is concerned. The employe who dares to resign, no matter why, can never hope to serve Bennett again.

Bennett
And the
"Herald"

Bennett is a tall man, silver-haired and not uncomely in appearance. He keeps himself well-groomed and might pass in a crowd of men as a banker or retired merchant. He does not look intellectual; there is no reason why he should, for it is not incumbent upon a newspaper editor in these days to be very intimate with what is highest and best in art, science and letters. But if Bennett has not yet discovered how to make journalism a noble profession he has at least learned how to employ it in such a manner that it keeps him plentifully supplied with the soul-easing, conscience-calming coin of the realm.

But with all his faults and eccentricities Bennett is a capable master of the business he controls. He understands all its requirements and has the practical, mechanical and business knowledge to direct its conduct. He controls the affairs of the Herald more directly than most people imagine and it is as true to-day as it has always been, that Bennett is the New York Herald, and the New York Herald is Bennett.

Drawn by
V. Gribayedoff



A "Herald"
Correspondent
In India

A Dialogue In Black.

Aubrey
Beardsley's
Model



NEARLY every night it is the custom of papa Quotation Mark to take his son little Query Mark on his knee and expound the wonders of the universe and the stern necessity of keeping abreast of the times. It was during one of these harmless seances that the following conversation anent the so-called "new art" took place:

By
Merriam
Bliss

Little Query Mark: "Papa, who is the funny artist that makes black pictures with white spots in them, for the English magazines?"

Mr. Mark: "Oh, you mean Aubrey Beardsley, do you not, my son?"

Little Query Mark: "Yes, I guess so. Does he live in an insane asylum, Papa?"

Mr. Mark: "Oh, no my son. He lives in a comfortable flat and has a fat bank account and a fine studio."

Little Query Mark: "Does he really mean to do such queer things or are they accidents?"

Mr. Mark: "He takes himself very seriously my son and so do a lot of other odd people. His pictures are made intentionally queer."

Little Q. M. "But papa, why does he make funny ladies with thick lips and draw them with black spider waists and big feet? Does he see folks in that way?"

Mr. M. "Nay, nay, my son he sees people just as you and I see them."

Little Q. M. "Then why does he draw nightmares in black and white if he knows better?"

Mr. M. "Because my son he has found out that people are very gullible and will think a thing is great if it is too silly to have any meaning. Besides it is much more easy to throw a brush filled with ink at a piece of white paper and call it an 'art poster' than to carefully draw a design that means something."

The
Lady
In Sable

Little Q. M. "Papa, does anybody really, truly like Mr. Beardsley's work?"

Mr. M. "They pretend to, my son. It's the proper thing to take sides with a popular fad."

Little Q. M. "Is Mr. Beardsley a popular fad, papa?"

Drawn by
Aubrey Beardsley





The
Beardsley
Muse

Mr. M. "Yes, my son, and so are his-his-his—were you going to ask another question my son?"

Little Q. M. "Yes papa. Does any other artist imitate Mr. Beardsley's stuff?"

Mr. M. "Only a million other artists imitate Mr. Beardsley's work my boy."

Little Q. M. "Is it wrong to copy Mr. Beardsley's style, papa?"

Mr. M. "Decidedly wrong my son. It is a crime, and ought to be punishable with death."

Little Q. M. "Why is it a crime to imitate Mr. Beardsley's work papa?"

Mr. M. "Because the crazy things of the wretched copyists drives good artists to drink my child."

Little Q. M. "What sort of art do they call Mr. Beardsley's work papa?"

Mr. M. "They don't call it art my son; they call it rubbish."

Little Q. M. "Can anybody do the kind of work that Mr. Beardsley does papa?"

Mr. M. "Oh, no, my son. Only a very ill or weak minded person who has never learned to draw can do the real thing."

Little Q. M. "Mr. Beardsley and his million imitators will be very rich next year won't they papa?"

Mr. M. "Not on your silhouette my son. They will be at the bottom of the tureen of popular contempt."

Little Q. M. "How long can a queer artist fool the public, papa?"

Mr. M. "Until the public takes a tumble to itself, my son."

Little Q. M. "Papa what do the critics say about the Beardsley things?"

Mr. M. "One critic says:

You can bet your bottom dollar
We're on to the Beardsley caper,
A little brush, a pot of ink
And lots of empty paper."

Little Q. M. "Papa when does——"

Mr. M. "It's time to go to bed my son."

A
Dialogue
In Black

Aubrey
Beardsley

Beardsley is the chief apostle of the grotesque. He lives by his affectation and to his posing, personally and in his art, there is no end. A shining example of his verbal posturing was displayed in a recent interview. "In what spirit do you receive the criticisms lavished upon your work" queried the scribe. "I suffer my critics gladly," he replied, a touch of hardness coming over his face; "their inconsistencies and futile hypocrisies fill me with amusement. The British public, or rather, those who make their laws in the press or the platform, will forgive anything to a French artist, nothing to his English comrade. Thus they go into raptures over a most brutally realistic, though admirable, work by Lautree, and hide their faces before more innocent art contributions to the English periodicals. They alone have discovered the Unmentionable. The critic desires to produce not criticism but copy and abuse trips glibly off his pen."

Then came a theatrical pause while this too clever youth eyed the interviewer to see the effect of his indirect insult.





Ye Rewe Art.

Methought I had a curyous dreame, though, certes, I doe wot,
 That thyngs are seldome what they seeme, whether yn dreames, or not!
 Yet I dyd see soe vyvydly what I wyll eke rehearse,
 I wyst some lesson there must bee yn thys, my humble verse!

Yt soe befell upon a daye, a sketch I dyd conceive,
 I drewe yt, not for Art, but paye, my fortunes to retrieve!
 I took yt to a known wyght, sith he was kynd to me,
 I thought he eke yn kyndness myght some meryt yn yt see!

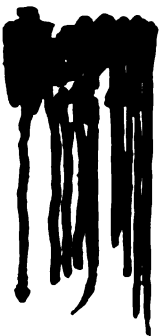
Yet whyles he looked wyth curyous eye, my spyryts gan to synk,
 When he upset quyte suddenlye ye bottle of black ynk!
 Yt tryckled down my lyttle sketch yn streamlets long and deepe,
 'Ere blottyng paper I could fetch, and I was fayne to weepe.

But he- thys very known wyght- exclaimed, "I have yt now,
 Thys accydent has throwne ye lyght, yt eke hath shown me how
 To make ye fortune for ye, boy,- come to my happye breaste,
 I chortle yn my newe found joye, of golde thys ys a neste!"



Effsoones he bade me goe my waye, wyth conge courteous,
 And ever synce that fateful daye, I've been vycoryous!
 For I have got ye pyles of cash, of gold ye goodly part,
 Ye crytycs saye my drawyng's trash, I call yt- YE NEWE ART!!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.



Drawn by
William
M. Chase.



The
Widow



Artist, Author and Man of Affairs.



EVERYONE has heard of him in some connection.

By
Perriton
Maxwell

You may know him as the author of that charming novel, "Col. Carter of Cartersville," or as the writer of "A White Umbrella in Mexico," "Well-worn Roads," or "A Day at Laguerres," or perhaps as one of Gotham's prosperous men of affairs; for he is all of

these and more. At all events the name of Francis Hopkinson Smith will not sound strangely in your ears. Very rarely does it happen that

Illustrated by
F. Hopkinson
Smith

one man can boast of the combined gifts of a clever artist, a shrewd business man, an observing traveler and an author of high attainments and exquisite polish. All of these talents, however, were lavished by the gods upon the man with whom this screed has to do. F. Hopkinson Smith is decidedly not as other Smiths, and though he may himself be convinced of this fact, it has not slain his modesty. His ego is well-reined.



In art the true forte of F. Hopkinson Smith lies in the direction of the aquarelle. His pictorial method is of a piece with that which he employs in his writings,—a method of directness and simplicity.

Up
A Back
Canal

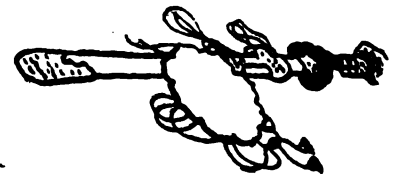
He has a way of fixing his thought and fancy, both with pen and brush, that is charmingly ingenuous. He is absolutely indifferent to inconsequential details. He understands the value of sharp contrasts.

He is not above depicting the little things of life, but does it in a large way.



Off
For
Tieste

He obtains in his work a maximum effect by a minimum expenditure of effort. This is the true impressionistic method and Mr. Smith is a true impressionist. Here is a man who has built tall light-houses and massive sea-walls; who has lifted himself from little things to great; who has traveled afoot where most men ride, but who makes the dain-





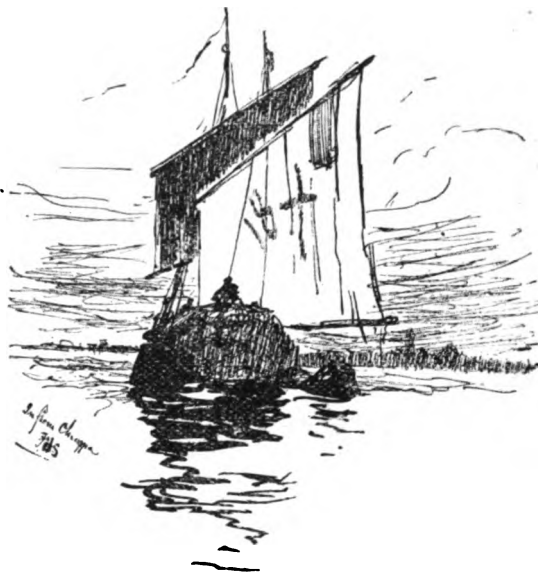
Artist,
Author
and
Man of
Affairs

tiest pictures imaginable. It is a well-known truth of art that small objects if merely suggested to the sight, will be completed in their form by even the most sluggish imagination. This is the text from which Mr. Smith deduces so many happy themes. Relying upon the natural fact that the eye unconsciously fills out to its complete satisfaction what is not entirely presented, when a part of the design is accurately and decisively suggested, Mr. Smith attains the same end as that which is reached by the artist who labors over puny details. Nay, he secures a much finer result; certainly a more personal one. Whether in monochromatic or color productions this man stands to the fore with a lucid one might say an impromptu-style, and a nervous but effective technique. In everything pictorial he lays hand to, the note of individuality is paramount.

Too much cleverness is oft-times a weariness of the flesh and soul, but F. Hopkinson Smith is not aggressively clever. There is depth as well as grace in his artistic accomplishments.

His brush has of late been most concerned with presentations of Venetian life and scenery. The artist who is capable of presenting dull pictures of Venice is not worthy of his brushes. Mr. Smith's achievements in this direction are exquisite in coloring and snappy in technique. His view of life, quiet and animated, is always cheerful, wholesome, honest.

Indeed it is quite beyond denial that in F. Hopkinson Smith, American art has a disciple incurably in love with nature and wholly capable of presenting her multiple charms and caprices in a satisfying and original manner.



In
From
Chioggia



F. Hopkinson Smith
At Work

The Prose of The Studio.

By
Cromwell
Childe.



COMING out of an "artist's tea" into the brisk cold of a winter's afternoon the Girl of the Period- who is not the New Woman, mind you, but the Old, the beautiful daughter of a still more beautiful mother- the girl of the period, I say, draws her wraps closely about her, thinking regretfully of the ideal life behind that door. It has been a fairyland, a Nirvana of Daghestan rugs, softly toned and delicate draperies, pottery from the Orient and Sevres, canvases

With
Studies by
T. de Thulstrup

never before shown and scented Pekoe from the quaintest of old services. No wonder that every day life seems dull beside it!

Meanwhile the artist himself, his last guest gone, has kicked off his immaculate patent leathers and incased his feet in a pair of old slippers. The thralldom of the frock coat he has exchanged for the comfort of a house jacket, well worn. He rumages on the mantle shelf for his oldest pipe and lays hands on his beloved tobacco jar. Then, from the depths of his easiest and most battered chair, come forth communings like these :

"The rooms did look admirably." His eyes roam about them. "Yes, they surely did. And Sybyl at the tea pot seemed almost a Greek goddess. I was fortunate in getting her. It was all a hit. But now," and he sighs regretfully, "to work once more, I am the slave-driver of myself."

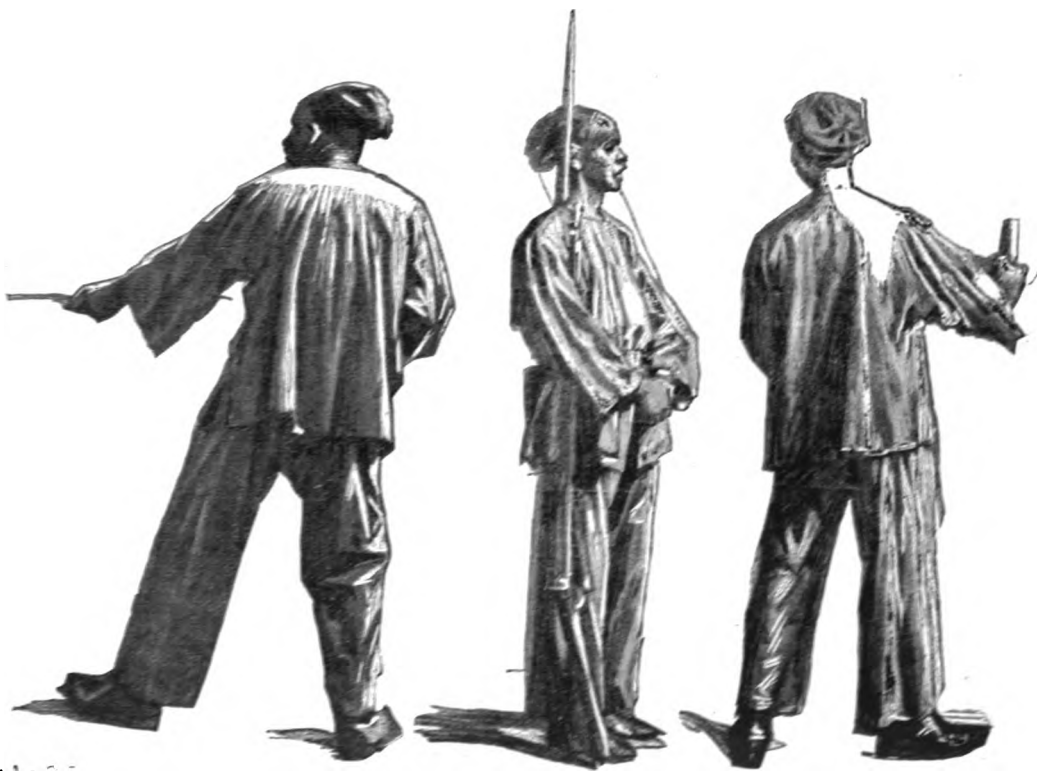
"Only a month before the Spring Academy, and one, two, yes, three canvases to finish. Those pictures to Boston, that other lot to Pittsburgh, they must go to-morrow or next day, at the latest. And, George! I am nearly forgetting those sketches for the 'Broadway Mag.' Simmons has been promised them faithfully by early next week. I am afraid to think of all the rest. No more afternoon calls or morning promenades for the next two months."

He muses by the glimmer of the light of a single lamp. Not of fantasies and the ideal romances and ballades, but of the work-a-day demands of the moment. Forthwith the studio becomes a workshop, its transmogrification





DRAWN BY
THURE
DE THULSTRUP



CHINESE
SAI LOOS



Ye
Black Booke
Mann

is made complete.

By no means, though, was the Girl of the Period wrong in her impressions. To her came one side of art life, the Poetry of the Studio, that array of fantasies and imaginations, realized or suggested, without which there is no art. Beneath it all (though She never knew it) was the hidden machinery, the "practical" behind the rose tinted curtains—the Studio's prose.

The
Prose of
The Studio

Perhaps there was none of this prose long ago, in the days when Michael Angelo on a staging laid those wonderful colors on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, perhaps none when Corot painted his filmy, hazy greys and Peter Paul Rubens studied his Flemish heads. Yet more probably it existed even there, though it is only the poetry that has been our heritage. To-day such is the popular liking to delve to the root of things, the Studio's Prose is to be studied for the asking.

No less interesting is it than the poetry, even more enticing perhaps, for the toil and moil and the struggle never lose their fascination. Again there is really the essence of romance in the machinery, as there is in the greys of a foundry, the shadow like figures of the workman half lit by the flames of the furnace, a ball of changeable fire in the dusk.

In this fragment, this monochrome, there can be but the briefest touching of the subject. The one essential fact to bring out is the machinery that lies beneath every successful career in art. Early struggles are as nothing in comparison with the work to be done when success is reached, the plodding day out and day in, the one problem accomplished only to meet with another quite as perplexing and intricate on the morrow.

To mention the artists who work as pains-takingly and hard each day as does any mechanic would only be to recall the names of very nearly every New York painter and illustrator who now has recognition,—William M. Chase, Will H. Low, Kenyon Cox, John S. Sargent, Carroll Beckwith, A. B. Wenzell, C. S. Reinhart, Thure de Thulstrup and a hundred others only illustrate this undoubted fact.





Taking a leaf from Mr. de Thulstrup's book is especially valuable, for assuredly no other man works more indefatigably and to more purpose.

The
Prose of
The Studio.

Mr. de Thulstrup, like many another art worker of to-day has found it an excellent plan to divorce studio and dwelling house permanently, and he has established his "workshop," this word being used advisedly, high up in the United Charities Building at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second Street. An enormous cabinet, one that all lovers of antiques would yearn for, is packed with hundreds of hasty preliminary sketches, drawn roughly from models. Out of this cabinet, which is worth a day's looking through, came the sketches, brief memoranda they are, that accompany this bit of letter press. Thure de Thulstrup usually makes his sketches on greyish blue paper, or rather bluish grey, and the effect they have is weird and strange, the ghostly white lines and patches, interspersed with blacks, on the dull silvery background. Nothing could differ more in appearance from the finished wash drawing the original.

The old cabinet, besides, is well stocked with photographs from every corner of the world, indexed according to subject. Near by is a fine, though small collection of muskets. Three shallow closets are crammed full of uniforms and hats of every description and nationality. Miniature pieces of field artillery, model ships, and a dozen more like things—these will indicate the paraphernalia of a man who draws on so many different lines.

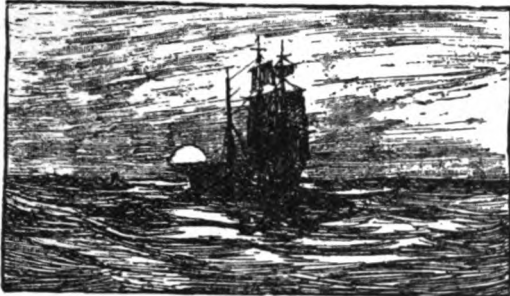
By ten each day, unless he has some sketching tour on hand, de Thulstrup is in his studio, to stay there until dusk. A time-table as it were, is constantly in front of him, for each ordered sketch, even if the Heavens should fall, must be done at its appointed hour. At night in the privacy of his "den" at home, he reads the manuscripts of the stories or articles he is to illustrate, looking out for the best points to illustrate and making copious memoranda somewhat in this wise:

"John Jones, about forty, tall, slim, fashionably dressed, a trifle bent. William, his son, a youth of eighteen; latter a stout heavily built man, rather rough and careless in dress— Detail for second chapter, exterior of Hotel Savoy, looking down Fifth Avenue."

"Dan Cupid"
Drawn by
George Wharton
Edwards



Ocean's
Mystery



Drawn by
Carlton T.
Chapman

And so on. Roughly also he maps out immediately the picture suggested by the mss., his first conception seldom being much varied in the finished "wash." Afterwards in his studio he hunts up the details sending for appropriate models, traveling out for exteriors and scenes or utilizing his collections and his sketch books. There is an immense dis-

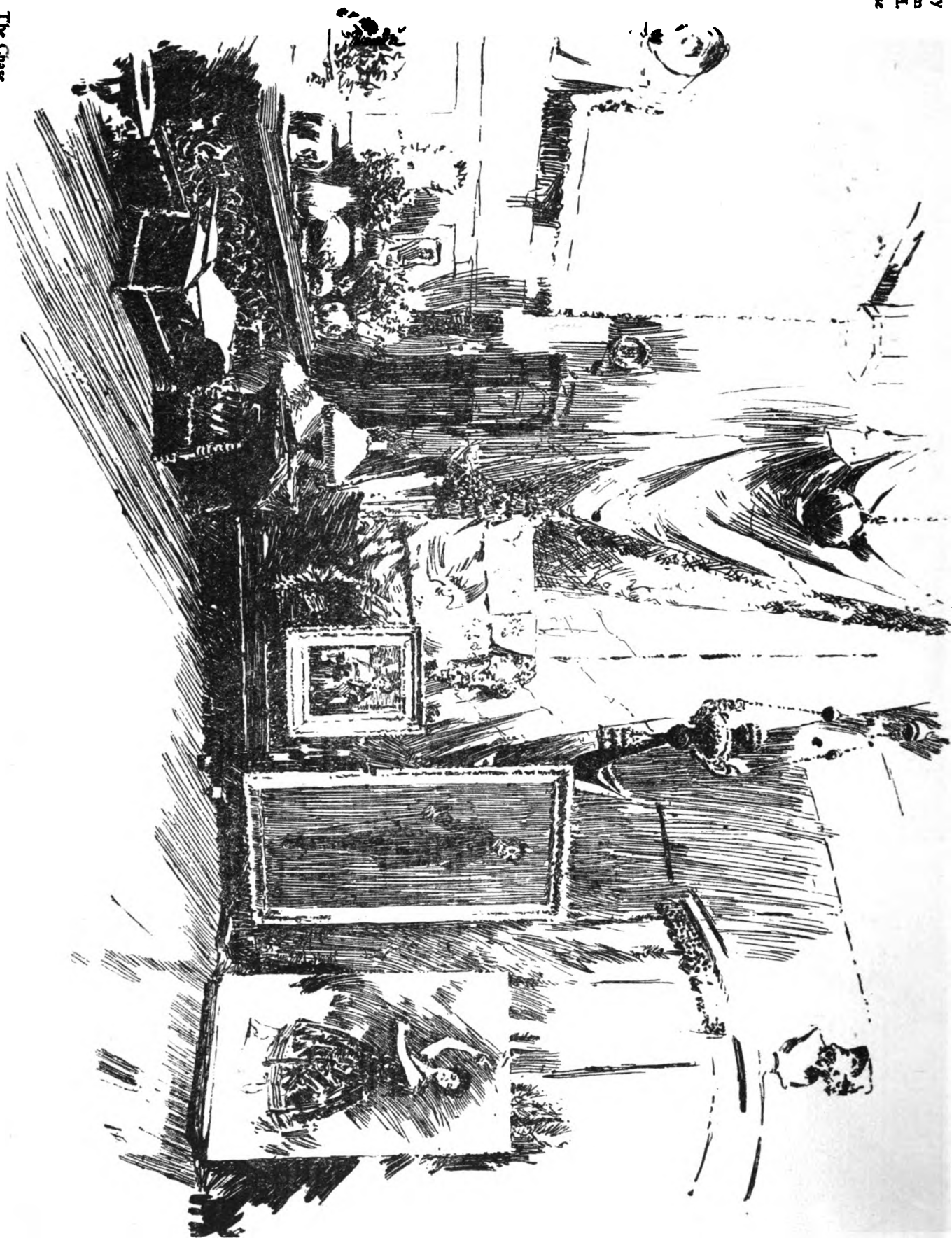
The
Prose of
The Studio

tance between the rough conception, though that is perfect in its way, and the completed drawing. That distance de Thulstrup only bridges by unremitting, earnest labor and care.

Never until I spent an hour in his "workshop" did I know why I had always cared for de Thulstrup's work. Now it is very clear to me. It is because of his accuracy, and that accuracy is what makes him a typical man through whom to teach the lesson of the "Prose of the Studio."



Drawn by
William
M.
Chase



The Chase
Atelier.

Ideal
Studios
No. One.



Cheret and His Posters.

Illustrated by
Jules
Cheret



IN the contemporary artistic movement in poster making which is attracting so much serious attention both at home and abroad, the standard of excellence goes forward so steadily that it would seem that the erstwhile mediocre printing-house stuff had departed forevermore from our bill-boards and lithography was fast assuming the dignity of high pictorial art.

The evolution of the poster is of too recent a date to admit of many master hands at the craft. The French in this, as in so many other artistic movements, have taken the initiative and to Jules Cheret, that distinguished member of the Societe des Pastellistes belongs the honor of having established this new cult of fetching "stickers" and who remains as yet the master afficheur.

Cheret has found the spirit of rare interpretation and throws into his poster work the soul of a true poet. He is not an artist to content himself with the delirious interests of bonnetiers and apothicaires. His posters may be, in one sense, but effective examples of the extensive outdoor advertising system, but no true art-lover ever misses the witchery of Cheret's touch nor fails to appreciate the harmony resulting from the ensemble of color and the clever abandonment of action that characterizes these specimens of commercial picturement.

Some of Cheret's best poster work has been done in the interests of the theatre, his play-bill posters ranking as unique examples of the highest possible perfection of this art. Trade impulses and the advertiser's idea are treated so theoretically by this artist that a bewildering scheme of color and a classic achievement in figure work is the result that serves

as play-bill—a free-hand, unassisted drawing; idealistic, impressionistic and in many instances worthy the setting of a gilt frame.

Jules Cheret is above everything a painter of women. He paints the women of Paris, of the boulevards, of the cafe chantants—the women who live by gaslight. He idealizes his women perhaps, but one hears despite the charm, the grace, the

A
Typical
Cheret Girl



By
Kate
Carter.



Comedy

Jules
Cheret

Drawn by
Himself





Drawn by
Jules
Cheret

Music

dashing pose, the fetching chic, that broad, cruel, gallic laugh that the lovers of these women learn to hate so well. La fille finds always a place in this artists' affiches. No matter how dry the subject he has to contend with, the black silk stockings and "kissable mouth" of la petite flash out from tremendous color effects, a back ground whose lack of detail emphasizes the charms of this seductive type.

In the large cities of Europe where poster making is an art of some years standing and where annual exhibitions of posters are held, the public is as familiar with Cheret's work as we are with the pen and ink pictures of C. D. Gibson and W. Granville Smith. In America we know him only by the reprint of some of his illustrations that are furnished us from time to time by our pictorial periodicals.

But this artist in lithography who gives us so much poetry in the swirl of petticoats, so much diablerie from beneath the mask of a Moulin Rouge reveller, so much comedy and so much wickedness in a pair of French heels, ranks as a master in another branch of art widely diametric to poster building. As a pastellist Jules Cheret is accounted by the artists of his country highly gifted. He is an officer of the Societe des Pastellistes of Paris and his dainty crayons adorn the shop walls.

But 'tis as a poster making that Cheret is best known and at this craft best appreciates his own efforts as perhaps the following story of him will prove. An American who visited Paris last year caught the poster fever. He was the head of a popular mercantile house. He hunted up Cheret in his atelier in la rue Richer and suggested to the artist an idea for a poster sketch.

"Oui," replied the artist carelessly.

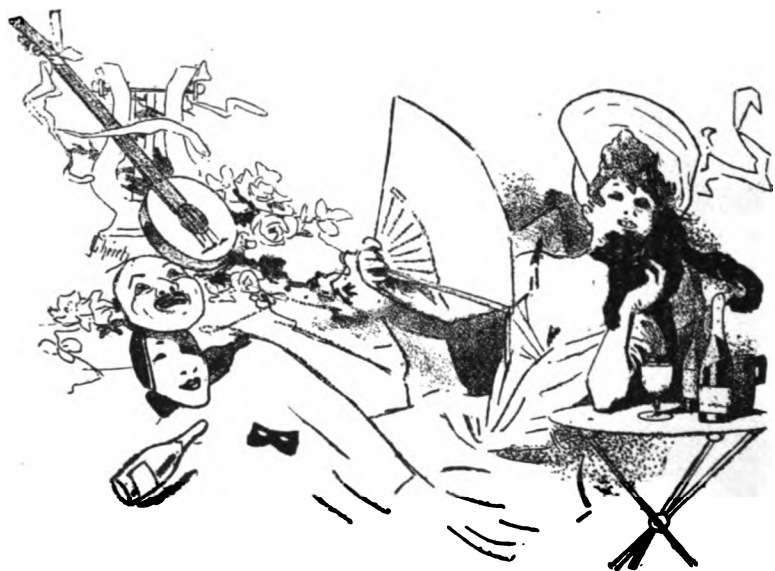
"And it will cost how much?" asked the American.

"\$1.000," was the cool reply.

"But—"

"Monsieur I am quite busy", with a smile, "and I am quite indifferent."

A
Parisian
Siren



Cheret
And his
Posters.

Drawn by
Jules
Cheret

DRAWN BY
W. GRANVILLE
SMITH



A
GOTHAM
GIRL

The Gotham Girl.

The Sentimental Girl



Illustrated by
W. Granville
Smith
and
C. Underwood

NE of the inevitable accompaniments of that mysterious essence which goes by the name of local pride, is the tradition that the women of the region in which the local pride exhibits itself combine in a peculiar and special degree all of those elements that give an abiding charm to the sex. The tradition is sometimes unreasonable, perhaps even comic; it is never discreditable. A man who does not think the women he sees most of are the cheeriest products of civilization, is in poor health.

But surely there are some substantial reasons for regarding the Gotham girl as an especially favored type. Certainly the climate is with her. She has not had that struggle with rapidly moving atmospheric currents which are popularly supposed to have reduced the Chicago girl to the necessity of wearing severely large shoes. The bleakness of a Back Bay has not given her the harshly trained appearance of so many Boston girls. Nor have the lassitudes of a Southern temperature deprived her of a certain elastic grace that contributes so much to her fascination. Yet the fine versatility of our weather, passing from a winter to a summer temperature and back again in a single day, gives her a Grecian-like ruggedness that is never detrimental to her complete femininity.

If there are reasons for believing that she has been favored by climate there are others just as tenable for believing that social geography is on her side. She has been reared within the precincts of Eastern civilization, yet at a sufficient distance from Faneuil Hall to have preserved a simple faith in pre-Emersonian things. She knows the difference between Serves and Satsuma though she does not say "vaaze." There is a beautiful temperance about her. She goes to the gymnasium but generally (as I am informed) wears corsets. She reads Browning, or more accurately speaking, has Browning read to her by Mrs. Dellenbaugh; but she belongs to a bowling club and can make a "strike" without changing color.

She is near enough to London to absorb any of the broadening influences of that cosmopolitan town and far enough away from Paris to escape the hazards which so often result in making the Parisienne a shade too—what shall I say—self-possessed? She has been spiritualized by our multitudinous churches, intellectualized by Sorosis and Wagnerized by the Philharmonic and Walter Damrosch. In dress she is more



The Masterful Girl

The Intellectual Girl





The
Society
Girl

Parisian than either Philadelphia or Boston. In tennis she is as expert as a girl can be without working so hard as to hurt her figure. She dances delightfully of course, and does not giggle in the German. More over, she walks well rather than stylishly. Her conversation has the charm that is felt to reside in a girl who can talk about everything, but doesn't. And she can almost listen.

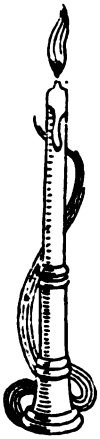
She has the attraction of not having too many theories about matrimony, and without opposing early marriages can stay a girl longer than any other examples of her sex that have been discovered on this continent. Her independence is to be taken for granted. She is an American. Yet there is a perennial surprise in her tenacious individuality, just as there is that element of mystery in her motives without which she would not be a woman. Withal she is something over which Gotham agrees to be self-congratulatory. She has ceased to be a prophecy; she is a delightful fulfillment.

The
Gotham
Girl



Drawn by
Bruce
Crane

The
Evening
Sky



AN
ETCHING
BY
JEAN
J. WEERTZ

THE COWL
OF RESIGNATION



The Cowl Of Resignation.



HE world grows gray across a mist of years
And softened, as the solemn minster lights
That fall on time-worn pave and tombs of knights;
Aye, dim as once loved faces seen through tears.



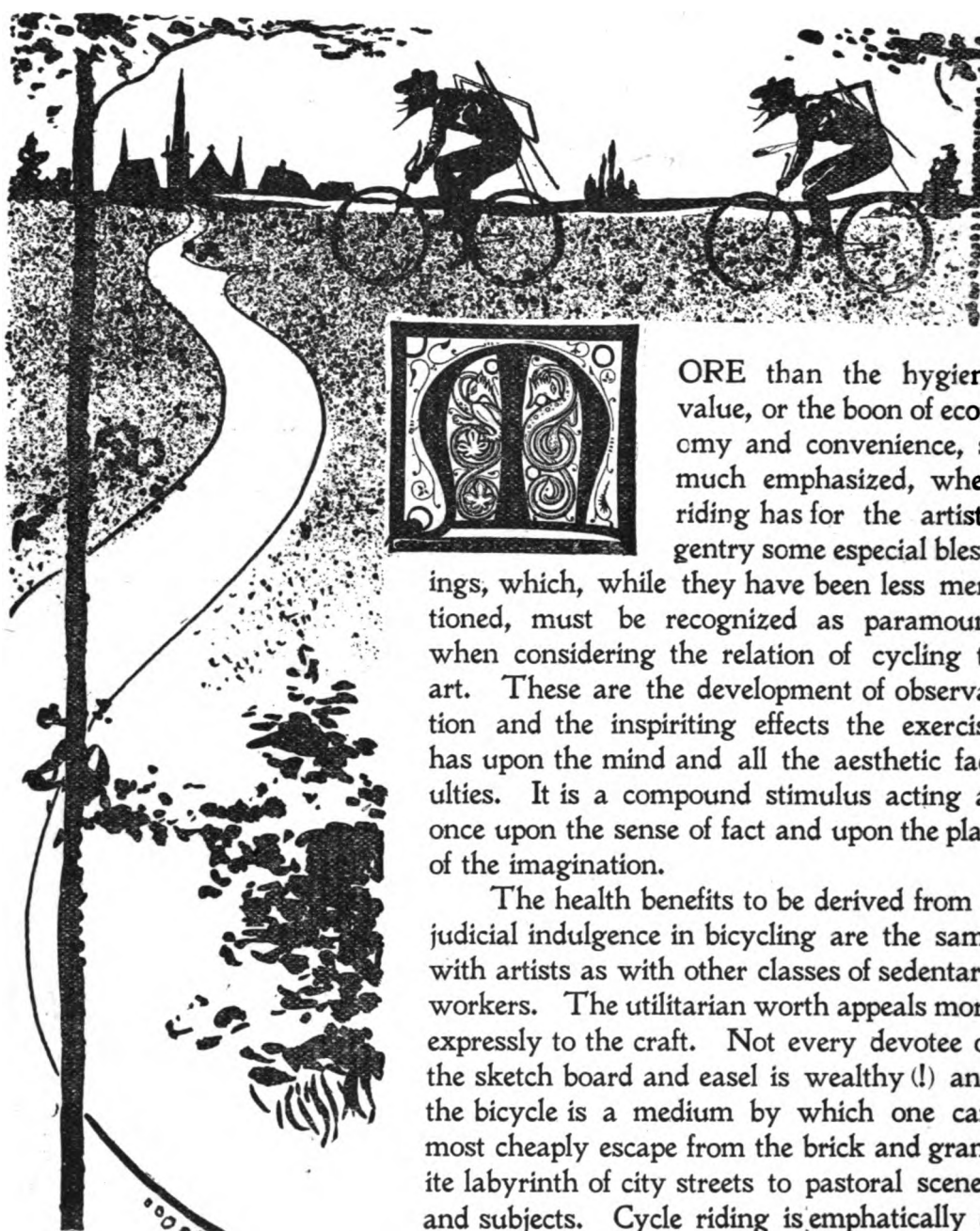
The sounds of earth fall faintly on the ears,
Like distant echoes of a passing bell,
The ululation of whose constant knell
Float with the wind across life's lonely meres.

How strange it seems, that hearts could throb and break
And veins course fire, in long forgotten days,
And hopes and fears and jealousies contend
Within this palzied brain. Now, scarce awake,
I wander, weary, through a baffling maze:
Lead me, Dear Lord, to the desired end.

EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.



The Bicycle As An Aid To Art



MORE than the hygienic value, or the boon of economy and convenience, so much emphasized, wheel riding has for the artistic gentry some especial blessings,

By
Arthur N.
Jervis.

which, while they have been less mentioned, must be recognized as paramount when considering the relation of cycling to art. These are the development of observation and the inspiriting effects the exercise has upon the mind and all the aesthetic faculties. It is a compound stimulus acting at once upon the sense of fact and upon the play of the imagination.

The health benefits to be derived from a judicious indulgence in bicycling are the same with artists as with other classes of sedentary workers. The utilitarian worth appeals more expressly to the craft. Not every devotee of the sketch board and easel is wealthy (!) and the bicycle is a medium by which one can most cheaply escape from the brick and granite labyrinth of city streets to pastoral scenes and subjects. Cycle riding is emphatically a **unique exercise.**

It yields sensations incomparable with those of



The
Wheel
of Art.

any other mode of motion. On a wheel a man is sitting down and running. Athletes of every stripe employ it for training and they bear abundant witness that it brings all the muscles of the body into play more effectually than any other single kind of exercise. Precisely as it exercises all the physical energies, so does it affect the mental powers, stirring every faculty to acute activity and for artists this is the commanding fact. It is a common reiteration of cycle riders that one sees more when traveling awheel than at any other time. Concomitant with this sentiment is the fact that every rider experiences a constant impression of his head being considerably above where it would be if he was standing; when, as a matter of fact, the elevation of a man on a wheel is never more than an inch or so. This height illusion is a general one and is a concurrence that corroborates the assertion about seeing more. The rider fancies he must be reviewing the scenery from an elevation because of his expanded vision. Following this broadening of the view and the aesthetic excitation, due to the more than usually copious draughts of scenic splendor, comes a touch upon the imaginative tendency. While the work and the speed exhilarate, the swaying and the gliding motion lulls and caresses. The smoothness and subtlety of it all, induces a waking dreaminess and fecundates the fancy. For those who think too much is claimed it may be well to suggest the reason why cycling produces effects so much more remarkable than any other out-

The Bicycle
As an Aid
To Art



A
Bicycling
Girl.

A
Typical
Wheelman



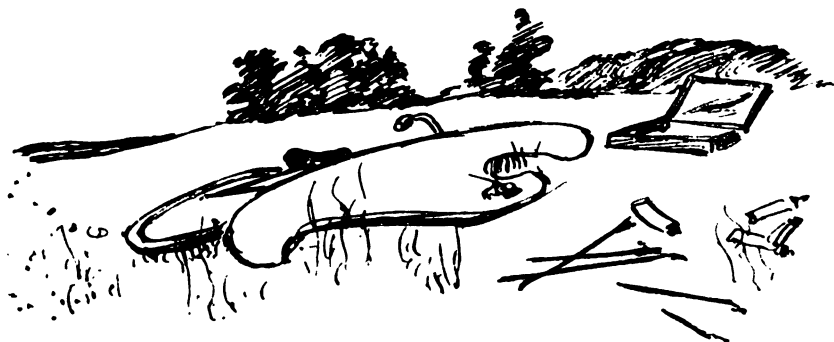
door recreation. All kinds of speedy locomotion, such as driving, yachting, equestrianism, or even trolley riding are exhilarating, yet none of them afford the exultant feeling which comes from the exercise of ones own prowess as in running. In cycling, the high rate of speed is reached and the consciousness of self accomplishment is retained. On a wheel a man's power is so much

After
The
Spin



**The Bicycle
As an Aid
To Art**

multiplied, that the sense of mastery over motion through his own exertions fills the pride with gloating. It exaggerates to his mind all his capabilities. To those workers with the brush and pencil who have not yet tasted this new nectar, the best counsel is for them to risk a trial. If you would gain the fullest inspiration for your work, strap your sketching kit across your back, or swing it on the frame of a bicycle, and, mounting, pedal off in silent swiftness, out of the lanes of stone and brick, along the rural aisles which lead past fragrant hedges, daisy starred fields and the rustling woodland. As you scud on into the shifting perspective, with the air combing past your cheeks, there comes a new consciousness of freedom and an aesthetic ecstasy that ravishes the soul. The mind opens to a more enthralling sense of beauty. You see cataracts of color and kaleidoscopes of form. There are more omens in the rocks, more perfume in the flowers, the grasses and the golden rod sway in greater fantasy of motion; there is more sweep to the sunshine, more height to the hills. The tenderest tints in Nature's color scheme are grasped and her subtlest shadings are revealed. Bathed in this spirit of grandeur you stop to plant your easel. You feel a bodily exuberance and entrancement that makes work with the pencil restful. You enter upon outlines with vigor and a rare confidence in your ability to interpret broadly. Troublesome blending, perspective perplexities and all technical trials become mere "thank you ma'ams" of the road, serving solely to relieve its monotony of smoothness. You are equally on edge for acutest realism or Turner-esque flights. Such is the inspiration of cycling and the moral: Go thou and buy.



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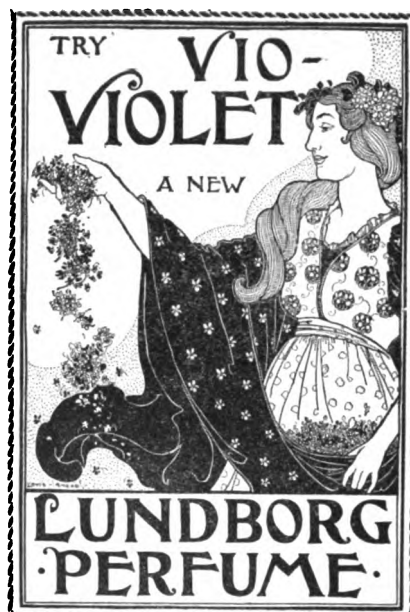
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